

Found At Last.

A Liver Pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not gripe. Laxa-Liver Pills possesses these qualities, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sick Headache, etc.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

Through the narrow chancel windows Gleans the light of setting sun; While a surpliced child is lighting Altar candles, one by one.

Low, before the Holy Eucharist, Bends a p e e, above his head Sunlight through a crimson window Paints the crucifix blood red,

White-robed choir boys softly chanting "Nunc Dimittis." Solemnly Mingled voices low responding To the mystic litany.

Whispering soft a haughty woman Prays; her proud head bended low, As the symbol's lifted heavenward

Beats in faith her breast of snow. Man of wealth and mighty station Bows his head and bends his knee, Lips held firm but heart responding, God be merciful to me."

Lights are out. The prayers are ended. Shadows 'round the altar creep. In my heart the benediction Lingers with life's shadows deep.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

PART II.

While patiently waiting for lucrative employment Nan is not idle. She kneels inside the sanctuary, reveres the Tabernacle. She adores the Guest within. She prays and believes, and loves to put into practice the things her old friends urged her to practice "for heaven's sake." She had made good progress long before a call came, for one to nurse an aged and half-crazed countrywoman, known far and wide as the so-called. Her farm lay some ten miles from Betharram, and in a lonely spot. Ten miles with railroad facilities counted for nothing, but fear of old mother Matheus kept aloof even the bravest peasants of the Cantons. Nan undertook the work. She had no fear, and laugh-

ingly she descended from the train she saw a tall figure disappearing through the station yard, a figure that seemed familiar and yet strange. Could that stooping, halting, slovenly looking being, dragging heavily along to the once, lithe, supple, active and scrupulously neat Rand Clough? Yes, Rand and none other! He had not seen her. He was not flying from her. When he heard her voice he turned, and whether it was his tears or only her own that wet her mantle through, she never asked. She was too glad to clasp her hands about the once rebellious neck and feel the brotherly kick, humble enough now, and given without words. How came I here? Simply enough. Driving away, mad and half blind with rage on the day of their separation, he and his horse had come to sudden grief. A sharp shock, a plunge, and down went the poor horse; the driver pitched headlong over him into the ditch. Rand knew no more for long enough. The sick woman Nan had come to care for was mother to the girl who nursed him through a long illness. Mother and daughter had been good to him. They kept and tended him in their cottage.

Nan found him a sadly broken-down creature, like nothing so much as a miserable drunken moonshiner (1), a moonshiner without ambition or self-respect. He had married the cottager's daughter. The cottager was not sorry to gain a young son-in-law. She was a widow with this only child, a pair of strong hands was greatly needed about the place. And although Rand could not plough or labor much, he could do something. He did over much and kept himself ailing and broken down. He introduced a Nan to her new sister, a pretty enough young woman, but a little withal. The sick woman was so very sick that Nan was forced to defer all thoughts of questioning her brother about his marriage and his new family connections. Beside her patient she took her place and inaugurated the work of nursing and house-cleaning. Strong and not easily terrified, Nan subdued the attacks of violence, as well as the attacks of ill-temper and fever that made her work of nursing arduous enough. Still, there were moments of fury that only bonds could control. Nan suggested calling in a priest. Her brother protested that it was useless. Although mother and daughter once professed the true faith, they had both abandoned its practices and were shunned in consequence. Indeed, he himself was shunned and despised by those around them, not only in his character of foreigner, but because he had taken his bride from the hands of the justice of the peace

without the blessing of the Church. This was not so shocking to Nan then as afterwards, when she learned the doctrines of religion. Still she resolved in her own mind to get Sister Noella to bring about a better state of things, if possible, for to be cut off as they were from their neighbors was terrible indeed. She began to understand and how terrible, when, from the little window of the sick-room, she perceived the passers-by cross the road to avoid the place, and sign themselves with the sign of the cross. Some even spat three times in that direction and hurried feebly on, as if pursued. The name by which Mother Matheus was commonly called curdled the blood in the veins. It was "Evil Eye." If a cow went dry or a litter came to grief, if the hens ceased to lay or a sheep died, old Mother Evil Eye was the undoubted cause.

Sister Noella found time to come to see her once and inspect. When she had sifted matters and weighed them well, she assured Nan that she was in the very best field for God's work.

"But what good am I doing," asked Nan, "besides nursing and cooking, planting and weeding?" "When the days of planting and weeding are over, you will turn to reading and indoor work. And in those days help will come to brighten the autumn and cheer the winter. The help you lack, without knowing it, is of the spiritual kind, and God will send it, not only for you and yours, but for many others in a far worse state." The good nun then went on to give Nan the latest information concerning the dear little exile, whose interests were ever uppermost in their memory. Blandine was then well, Gregory was at Karloff. The cousins were being educated together in a great country house far from all evil influences and bad examples. So Nan resolved to be patient and remain where she was till called elsewhere by the voice of Divine Providence.

In the early autumn days a missionary came to the hamlet, and this time the Matheus farm was not excluded from the boundaries of his labors. The family was no longer shunned, once the priest of God had been seen crossing their threshold. He came first, solely for Nan, as it were; and Nan fairly melted into tears at the sight of the black-robed figure that reminded her of her venerated old friend. He was welcome and found a pupil, and the best of help. Nan was a good reader, a capital teacher, loving to impart whatever she learned. Rand caught a word here and there, became interested, listened, took pleasure in listening and sitting by Nan's side. A spark of jealousy arose in Cyprine's breast. She would not let it be thus. She kept close by, not meaning to be it flattered, for she was obstinate, and, having declared once that she would not go to church, would not have any religion, she was foolishly shamefaced as to re-tracting her words. But she was it flattered, and soon she felt to yield to the good that was deriving evil from under that roof. Unconsciously they were all absorbing good thoughts, holy aspirations, reverent feelings; and were coming back to God. Only the sick woman, cynical and bitter, tyrannical and cruel, was still in fury at the first allusion to anything holy. But she was physically weakening very fast, and when so weak as to be utterly helpless, her fierce humor had to yield.

And at last the change Nan has so long waited, watched, and prayed for has come over the sick woman.

She is yielding! She yields, and believing herself about to die she calls aloud for a priest. It took time to comply with her appeal. She had not accepted the offer of Nan to bring the missionary on the eve of his departure. She had hesitated, then positively refused, and let him leave the hamlet without absolving her. She is weeping over her obstinacy now. But God is so merciful! He does not abandon her, although she has kept him so long waiting at her door. After confession, instead of dying, she rallies and gains strength. One day she bids Nan lock the door and come to her. Nan obeys. "I have been a great sinner," cries the happy woman, "but since I have been received once more into God's grace, I will undo the evil and make reparation as far as I can. Here, good Anna, you, who brought a blessing to me and my house, take this key; to you I give the work of undoing the wrong. Open that chest!" Nan took the great key, and, kneeling beside the huge chest at the foot of the sick woman's bed, she

threw its lid wide open. Before half its contents were laid bare, she sprang up, crying out, "I know them, I know every one! O my darling, my sweet young lady, and the noble gentleman, and the little child in her mother's arms!" Yes, there they were, the stolen documents, the pictures made for little Blandine by her father and mother, the picture of Nan herself, the papers and trinkets and garments, all that could have been carried away from the cottage of the dying woman.

"I was covetous and stole them," said Mother Matheus, "and when I had stolen them I was in mortal terror, and turned people from my door by devices that made them fear me, and take me for a witch."

"Matheus died suddenly, and even more suddenly died the fine young English gentleman. He had almost no warning. A bad throat for a couple of days, that had light of to his sick wife, a night and day of choking and fever, no medical help near, and all was over with him. The typhus was already raging around us on every side. Before the sweet young widow's tears were well dried she was herself laid low. Confusion and terror, the coming and going of doctors and inspectors, the nuns within the house, the Superior herself taking the child away; the old priest you so often speak of helping her to the end! What saved me from putting an end to the life of my girl and myself, as I was often on the point of doing, I know not."

"God's mercy, Mother Matheus. Come! the priest has absolved you. The reparation must now begin!" "Reparation! O good Anna, will any reparation I can ever make restore my child's good name? They call her the young witch, you know. Will the neighbors ever forget my folly? Will the land so cursed ever again yield blessings? Will the rightful owner of all these papers and objects ever forgive me?"

"Fear not! Since God has sent you one of His servants on an errand of mercy, all must yet be well. Where the priest enters, the people will not fear to follow. You shall no longer be shunned. As to the owner of these things, I will take them to her myself. She will forgive. I know her heart. It is like her mother's. Be a help to Oppriate and I will hasten to let good Sister Superior know that the long-lost documents are found. You will soon be strong and, once able to make open peace with God before His altar, all will be forgotten."

"How can I let you go, good Anna? It is you who brought this peace to our roof. How can we live without your help?" "I will come back. Fear not. I will never abandon Rand till his children are reared and taught the faith. But now I must make haste."

"You will not let them make public scandal of my evil deeds, good Anna?" "Trust me," said Nan. "All will be forgotten and forgiven. Would that my good mother had lived to see this day!"

"When will our sister come home, mamma?" Margaret Dacre could not answer her boy's question. Her heart is full of anxiety for her darling. It is long since any news has come from Karloff, and she needs all her faith in the Providence of God, to sustain her own courage, and keep a cheerful countenance for her husband and children. The last letter received from Gregory told of great changes. He and his new master were about to set off for Moscow. The Karloff house was to be closed. Madame had already departed for Danilowka. Mile. Sophie, with her governess, had left for the capital. Mile. Danzelli alone remained, and she was preparing to leave with Blandine and Mile. Gense. This was all Gregory knew.

Nothing further could be hoped for from this channel, and Margaret's heart is heavy with forebodings. Something is menacing her darling, she feels certain. Her babies at her knee, she is talking to them of their absent sister, while trying to cheer her own heart by hopeful words that seem to have little foundation today.

"When will our sister come?" repeats little Antony, and Blandine of Dacre lips the same question, look-

ing up into her mother's face. Baby Francis, in the arms of his nurse, asks no questions yet, but nurse is pointing out to him all sorts of attractive

objects, as she dances him on her arm lulling snatches of baby-songs between times for his greater entertainment. By and by Francis is carried to the window, where nurse shows him swaying trees, birds on the wing, deer under the spreading oaks, blossoming vines, flowers and, "Look! there comes a poor tired woman," cries nurse, "and old Robert has left his lodge to follow her. See! he is trying to take something away from her, and she is resisting. See how she hurries away from him!"

Margaret descended quickly to the hall, where the strange visitor was now seated, and approached the dust-covered figure. She met the gaze of a pair of honest grey eyes, and her own smile of kindly greeting was answered by a glad look.

I came from Betharram, from Sister Noella; my name is Anna Clough. "You are, indeed, welcome, Anna. You come to those who know you well by name. Before you say a word of explanation of your coming you must eat and rest."

"Go with Mrs. Dean. This is one of our good friends, Mrs. Dean; take care of her till she is well rested, then let her come to me."

KIDNEY DISEASE FOR TEN YEARS.

A Glen Miller Man's Terrible Trial.

He Found a Cure at Last in Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. P. M. Burk, who is a well-known resident of Glen Miller, Hastings Co., Ont., was afflicted with kidney trouble for ten years.

So pleased is he at having found in Doan's Kidney Pills a cure for his ailments, which he had begun to think were incurable, that he wrote the following statement of his case so that others similarly afflicted may profit by his experience:

"I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for about ten years and have tried several remedies but never received any real benefit until I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. My back used to constantly ache and my urine was high colored and milky looking at times. Since I have finished the third box of Doan's Kidney Pills I am happy to state that I am not bothered with backache at all and my urine is clear as crystal. I feel confident that these pills are the best kidney specific in the country."

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"You are quite right, Edgar, dear, but there are people who insist that you married me because of my two millions."

"I know, precious, but I swear to you that I would have married you if you had only one."

British Troop Oil Liniment is unsurpassed by any liniment on the market to-day. It is composed of healing, soothing and cleansing vegetable oils and extracts. It is put up in large bottles for the small price of 25 cents.

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If you want to be cured to stay cured, use only B.B.B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Johnny—A good boy will save his mother all the sorrow he can, won't he?

Mother—He certainly will, Johnny, Johnny—When you whip me you always say it hurts you more than me. Suppose next time I hold the stick and you take the whipping.

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leaves no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents All dealers.

Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

"I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not blamin' you. You did the best you could."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff

"Waiter, I find I have just enough money to pay for the dinner, but I have nothing in the way of a tip for yourself."

"Let me add up the bill again, sir."

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Sopwith.—Lombardo says there is no difference between genius and madness.

Waggle.—Pardon me; madness gets three square meals a day.

He.—Is your husband laying anything for a rainy day, my good woman?

She.—No sir; but he is saving up to buy a snow shovel.

WOMEN WILL TALK Can't Blame them for Talking each other about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

For Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insects, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Haggard's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

TAKE LAXA-LIVER PILL BEFORE RETIRING.

It will work while you sleep, without a gripe or pain, curing Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.

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